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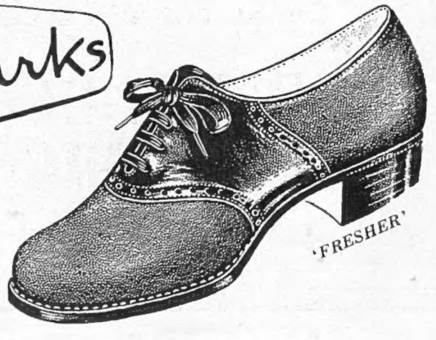

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The Sketch

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ROYAL WILLOW PATTERN GROUP.

This beautiful group of the Royal Family suggests a variation on the famous "willow pattern" design. It was taken at Royal Lodge, Windsor, and shows the KING *apparently pointing out a rare specimen in the rock-garden to the* PRINCESSES, *while* THE QUEEN *listens to his explanation. Their Majesties take a special interest in the rock-garden and do a good deal of work in it themselves. Other photographs of the Royal Family at Royal Lodge appear elsewhere in this issue.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY STUDIO LISA.

MOTLEY NOTES

By ALAN KEMP.

"You must feel wretched. Have one of mine?"

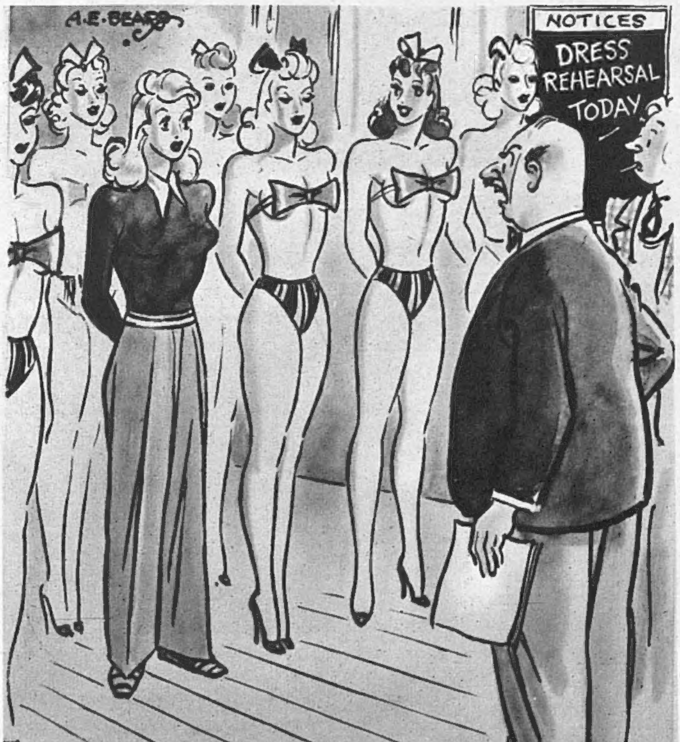
DRAWN BY PETER ENDER.

"Rest, Rest, Perturbed Spirit."

We have heard much lately of the literary giants of yesterday and the day before yesterday. The mightiest of them, Mr. Bernard Shaw, has celebrated his ninetieth birthday, and recommends a triple-century span of life—fearful thought! Another, H. G. Wells, has departed—though a sick man for many years—at the ripe age of seventy-nine. There can have been few writers more abounding than he not only in actual output but in versatility of imagination. Over a hundred books—say, an average of two a year for fifty years, besides innumerable by-products. Millions and millions of words in an unending stream, vast numbers of them being upon subjects which need, or ought to need, much specialised information and research. Wells's inventive faculty was never at rest. A friend of his once told me that even if he had to sit for fifteen minutes in that lugubrious place, a dentist's waiting-room, he could not, like most of us, twiddle his thumbs or lull his mind with an illustrated paper; before he was led to execution he had invented a new plot, or fantasy or design for an essay or tract. I never heard that he attempted poetry, and I am not sure whether he dabbled in drama; but he certainly tried everything else.

Embarrassment of Riches.

Of course, there was far too much of it. No man could possibly write at such a rate, with real authority, on so many different branches of expert knowledge. It is not unfair to the genius of a very remarkable man to say that he would have been far bigger if he had written half as much with twice as much care. Anyhow, there is no doubt that his influence greatly declined. Again and again I have heard people say (confirming, I am afraid, my own experience): "Oh, I gave up reading Wells after Such-and-Such"—which was generally, I noticed, "Mr. Britling" or "Joan and Peter," or some book of about that period. Wells did not seem to realise that the best instrument he had for propagating his ideas was his great gift of fictional creation. People paid far more attention to him as a novelist than as a preacher disguised as a novelist. Mr. Shaw has never made this mistake. His prefaces are famous and imperishable, but the real vehicle of his ideas has always been the one literary medium—drama.



"And why aren't you dressed, Miss Harris?"

DRAWN BY BEARD.

No Future In It.

It is absurd to say, as some have said, that the early fantasies of Wells were his most valuable work. But what a "sensation" they were in their day, and how well done! Those were great times for "peeps into the future," when the possibilities of science seemed unlimited but its direction was still unknown. All young people were fascinated by the marvels to come. Jules Verne had had a great vogue, and had proved himself, to my mind, an even more astute prophet than Wells was to be. I remember that in the days of the Penny Dreadful there was a whole series of twopenny paper books with startling covers, much beloved by boys, which were devoted to the miraculous inventions of one Frank Read, who was a serious rival to Deadwood Dick. The only masterpiece, however, of which I have any clear recollection was "Frank Read's Steam Man"—and he was a man, take him for all in all, etc.! Wells cornered that market and played it grandly until he had, or believed he had, more serious things to do. And where is that market now? Who would risk a prediction of (say) "The First Men in the Moon," when the thing might happen tomorrow? Science is very unfair to fiction-writers—it has cut them off from one whole source of livelihood.

"I intend my daughter to grow up knowing the full facts of life."

DRAWN BY APPLEBY.

Cut the Cackle.

It has done a number of other things which seem to become more and more questionable; but Wells

never questioned it. Science was Wells's god. The two articles of his lifelong faith were the omnipotence of science and the possibility of a rationally-governed world. The New Age of Reason! I wonder whether H. G. was able to retain that faith to the end? I wonder what he thought, if he was not then too old and tired, of the Paris Conference? "Quack, quack, quack!" cried a statesman from overseas, "with soom 'eat," like the Sergeant addressing Sam Small. Down Under they have a habit of expressing themselves with considerable candour; the polite circumlocutions of diplomacy seem just waste of time and breath to these rugged, forthright men. I dare say Mr. Molotov was greatly surprised and pained. What are three weeks of quack, quack, quack to him and Mr. Vishinsky? They are probably time agreeably and profitably spent. It is in matters like this that you come up against the vast gulf between the Western and the Eastern conception of time. Time is simply not the same thing in the Eastern as in the Western Hemisphere. The Orient discovered Relativity long before Einstein. But this is a hard lesson to learn for busy, "practical" Occidentals who strangely suppose that "life is too short" for quack, quack, quack.

"Poo! Sissy!"

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

Limelight and Moonshine.

There is another kind of quackery which is often called showmanship. There seems to be more than enough of that in international affairs. Mr. Harold Nicolson has commented very pertinently upon it in contrasting this with the former peace conference. He remarks on the destructive effect of ubiquitous camera-bulbs, newsreel batteries, glaring lights and blaring microphones, and all the "improvements" which scientific invention has brought to the council of the nations. One can well believe, as Mr. Nicolson says, that it is really impossible for international representatives to confer, with true interchange of views, in such a setting. They are not counsellors at all, but puppets in a drama staged for world entertainment. This theatricalism began at San Francisco and has gathered momentum ever since; you find it even at Nuremberg. If we are not careful, it will take complete charge, and we shall have it (there is some of it already) in domestic as well as international politics. They call this "open" diplomacy. It will become so wide open that it will drive us to very secret diplomacy indeed, for anything that really matters. Limelight is seldom the light of wisdom.

"I don't *quite* see where Britain is to blame in the matter, but, of course, any *other* verdict would be against one's principles!"

DRAWN BY BEAUCHAMP.

Sit-Down Strike.

While the spotlights are being adjusted in Paris, and most of the rest of the world (being now at peace) seems to be running with blood, a bloodless revolution is happening in England. People are "squatting" here, there and everywhere. It is, of course, very naughty of them, but it is also rather clever of them, because the squatting position has distinct strategic advantages. There are well-known ways of dealing with a fist-waving man, but what are you to do with a squatting man, except kick him—which is not a pretty action nor one likely to win votes. The lesson of the squatter is obvious enough, though politicians seem slow to learn it—namely, that while the Briton is probably the most patient creature on earth, there are limits to his patience. You cannot fool all the people all the time with the fantasy that a buff form or a waiting-list is the same thing as a roof to one's head. Bureaucrats are so constituted that they really believe that kind of fairy-tale, but gradually they will learn (swinging rhythmically from their lamp-posts perhaps!) that many of their fellow-citizens have not the same imagination.

The Cooks and the Broth.

But perhaps before long they won't have any fellow-citizens. I mean that *all* citizens will be bureaucrats, all engaged in taking in each other's washing. We have not quite got to that point yet, but we are approaching it. It is a fairly conservative estimate that already one in every twenty-four adult persons is a Government employee. And this is the eternal paradox, that the more you multiply them, the longer and longer they take to produce less and less. And yet it is not really a paradox, but a very simple and very ancient truth—namely, that too many cooks spoil the broth. They are not slackers, these cooks—on the contrary, they are being driven to distraction and exhaustion; but half their energy is spent in getting in each other's way, and the broth continues to be spoiled. However, these official cooks have their privileges. They get 32 per cent. of the sleepers on the railways—so important are their innumerable missions—and the common sort like you and me can stand in the corridor and like it.

[*Continued overleaf.*

The one-hundred-and-forty-ninth of our SERIES OF PLATES IN FULL COLOUR *published in this issue of* "*The Sketch*" *is by* DAVID WRIGHT.

After all, V.I.P.s must have "mobility." You can't expect even a Cabinet Minister to be properly mobile on his holidays without a commodious car at the public expense. I should not mind a little mobility of that kind on my next holiday (when I get it).

Seeing Things.

But a truce to bureaucrats—let 's talk about more agreeable subjects. Snakes, for example, and not necessarily in the grass. For some reason or other, a snake is an object of humour—until you meet one. When you do meet one, you know what is meant by the expression "his blood ran cold." It happens quite literally. Yes, I do know what I am talking about; in the course of a misspent life, I have met, in distant climes, as many snakes as I desire to meet—once, I remember, as many as six in one day. However, with the exception of one, they all seemed as anxious to avoid me as I was to avoid them, and we left the matter at that. But let me not regale you with snake-yarns; I mention reptiles only because they have been in the news lately. Some train travellers in India not long ago found a cobra in the carriage and had to put up with its company until they reached the next station. That is bad enough, but when, *even in England*, a snake suddenly confronts the pilot of an aircraft and begins wrapping itself round the works and hissing defiance, this is definitely past a joke. The public, not to mention pilots, have a right to know what steps the Air Ministry is taking to make aircraft snake-proof. They carry white mice in submarines, and it looks as if they will soon have to carry mongooses (or should it be mongeese ?) in aeroplanes.

"Hortense, I wish you 'd stop calling me 'Mistress' so pointedly."

DRAWN BY STARKE.

Black to Play.

"It stingeth like a serpent" (to continue this reptilian strain). That was said of strong drink. I never thought it would be said of ice-cream, which I had always regarded (in reasonable quantities) as the most innocuous of substances. I fear, however, that it may be regarded askance after some of its recent effects—which is hard on the manufacturers of honest ice-cream, for it seems that the dangerous stuff comes from unlicensed and piratical vendors who have a fine contempt for hygiene or, indeed, for anything except their own ill-gotten gains. Blacker and blacker grow the many black markets. I read of many thousands of forged clothing coupons being traced to one offender. It seems to be common talk, involving no censure (a bad sign, to my mind), that illicit petrol flows in rivers throughout the land. One did not need to be a prophet to foresee that as soon as the stress of war was relieved, the public conscience would cease to be sensitive about these things. And so law and order suffer in a hundred different ways; that is the real damage, and a grave one in our particular society.

Where There 's Smoke . . .

But one would hardly have expected that the Demon King, the Biggest of Big Shots in all the black markets which abound throughout Europe, would be the common cigarette. The "accursed hunger for gold" has been accepted throughout the ages as the villain of the piece, but apparently it is a trifle compared with the accursed hunger for a gasper. Gold, after all, has certain durable qualities, whereas a puff of smoke is the very symbol of the impermanent; and yet for this puff of smoke men and women all over Europe will commit every kind of crime, not excluding murder. Truly, a wonderful drug is nicotine! There is none other like it. All of which convinces me what a strong character I must have to have cut down my smoking. I admit that the doctor had something to do with it, but self-reverence and self-control are the *real* explanation.

Wonderful World.

"It 's wonderful," said the sub-postmistress of Honicknowle (near Plymouth), "what people get interested in nowadays," when she heard that a question was to be asked in Parliament about her weights and measures, merely because they had not been tested since 1901. I wonder if the following will interest her?—A British officer in Germany, for a bet, ate six pancakes made of D.D.T., and survived. Paper collars, at 2s. 6d. per doz., are reported to be now popular articles of gents' wear. The great advantage is that you don't have to send them to the laundry to be torn to shreds; you can do that yourself when you have finished with them.

Having crossed the Channel in order to carry out a tour of duty our artist called in at the BRITISH OFFICERS' CLUB IN PARIS *and recorded his impressions of a group of members who collect there for relaxation from their work at the Military and Air Force Missions.* [CARICATURES BY FRED MAY.]

Henrietta is on holiday. She will resume her letters on her return.

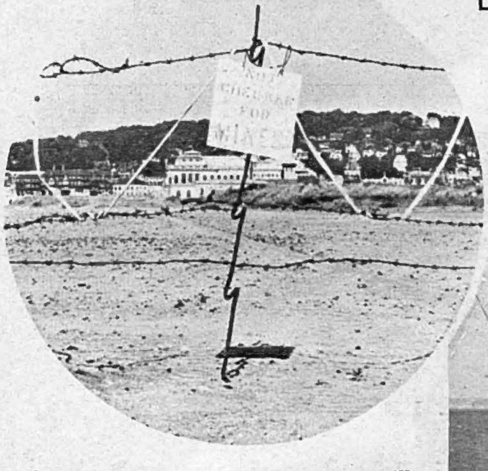
LADY FROM PORTUGAL.

DOÑA IZABEL DE SOUZA HOLSTEIN BECK, *fifth daughter of his Excellency the Portuguese Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, and of the Duchess of Palmella, is endowed with the sparkling brunette beauty typical of her country. She has been enjoying her first London season, and has been to all the important parties and receptions of this first post-war summer. She is fond of outdoor sports as well as of social gatherings and is an expert swimmer and a fine horsewoman.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY PEARL FREEMAN

DEAUVILLE ITSELF AGAIN—OR VERY NEARLY SO!

DEAUVILLE—the synonym for everything that is gay, cheerful and carefree is almost itself again. The *plage* is crowded, gay umbrellas shelter little tables from the sun, and bathing-tents stand in serried rows on the beach, while the race meetings have been re-instituted, and numbers of English visitors are to be seen.



Reminders of the dark war period may still be found at Deauville—for instance, this "keep-off" notice on part of the beach, which has not yet been checked for mines.

The plage at Deauville has recaptured its air of crowded gaiety—the tents, the tables at which apéritifs may be sipped and the umbrellas are all there again.

MRS. E. H. LLEWELLYN, M.B.E., *wife of Brigadier-General Llewellyn, D.S.O., and* MISS PEGGY RUDD *at the races.*

Above:
COLONEL *and* MRS. R. N. BRINCKMAN *and* MR. A. A. BRAITHWAITE *are among the English visitors who have been enjoying the first post-war gaieties at Deauville.*

Left:
LADY WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE *(right), wife of Lord Willoughby de Broke, was snapped at Deauville Races with* MADAME ROLANDTS, *a Belgian friend.*

Right: A charming seaside snapshot of PRINCESS FAIZA. *Note the heavy gold curb bracelet worn by the Princess and the out-size initials on her blouse.*

BEARERS OF ONE OF THE GREATEST NAMES IN HISTORY.

The Duchess of Marlborough is here posed with four of her five children. They are the LADIES CAROLINE *and* ROSEMARY SPENCER-CHURCHILL, *the* MARQUESS OF BLANDFORD, *and* LORD CHARLES SPENCER-CHURCHILL. *Her eldest daughter, Lady Sarah Russell, is not in the group. Lady Caroline's engagement to Major Hugo Waterhouse, eldest son of Captain Charles Waterhouse, is announced. The name of Churchill is one of the greatest in European history, for not only does the family descend from John Churchill, first Duke of Marlborough, the victor of Blenheim, Ramillies, Oudenarde and Malplaquet, but in this generation it has given us Winston Churchill, our great war leader in perhaps the darkest hours of our history. The Duchess of Marlborough has just launched an appeal for £20,000 for the Royal Alexandra School.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY HAY WRIGHTSON.

STAGE CAMEOS.

By JOHN RUSSELL.

MR. JOHN CLEMENTS' production of "Marriage à la Mode" has already disappeared from the playbills. If the indolence and ingratitude of the public had not robbed London, in this way, of its only truthful and intelligent comedy, we could have examined, with a wealth of historical analogy, the classical comic formula which Mr. Benn Levy has revived in his "CLUTTERBUCK." In any case, however, I can promise those who may think of seeing this play that the quartet of players now firmly ensconced at Wyndham's Theatre contrive to jangle their conjugal harp-strings in the manner which, for centuries, has been the prime resource of the comic dramatist. The dangerous seventh year of marriage, when passion commonly dwindles into habit, and passive contentment lies in the heart like tinder, offers many good themes for comedy; and if two of Mr. Levy's characters have boiled up to this condition in a twelfth of that time, this is no more than a polite concession to the pace of contemporary life. Mr. Levy has, moreover, a second claim on our historic attention. Most firmly wedged is he in the history of the theatre; for, being both a dramatist and a Member of Parliament, he steps at once into the category, for instance, of Sheridan who, seven years after writing "The Rivals," became Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs. Mr. Levy's Parliamentary prospects are excellent, I feel sure; and as a dramatist he shows at least one stroke of genius, such as neither Dryden nor Sheridan could boast—he has persuaded Mr. Naunton Wayne and Mr. Basil Radford to adorn his play. These two admirable drolls should, by rights, have a share in the author's royalties, for many of the funniest moments of the evening can be traced to the art with which they silently embroider a situation which words could only destroy, coarsen or overload. Just as one cannot now imagine Fortnum divorced from Mason, or Peek parted from Frean, no more can one picture one of these comedians without the other; and Mr. Levy shows his best side in the new relationship which he has devised for them. Who else, indeed, would have seen Mr. Wayne as an existentialist?

"*High Time*" *(London Palladium)*: BOB BROMLEY, *clever American artist, assisted by the Commère,* MARIANNE LINCOLN, *operates his marionettes with the greatest skill and humour in "The Puppet Palladium." His miniature strip-tease girl is doing her act with shy and delicate grace.*

"Clutterbuck" is embellished, on the female side, not only by Miss Constance Cummings and Miss Patricia Burke, but by Miss Lalage Lewis. Those who, before the war, admired Miss Lewis' performance as Electra in Michel Saint-Denis' student production, will be surprised to find her in a part more fitted, let us say, to Miss Frances Day at the age of nineteen. But Miss Lewis thrives on it. Miss Cummings and Miss Burke suffered from the dull, commonplace and all too lifelike remarks which were put into their mouths; and when Miss Cummings was required to simulate the raptures of requited passion one really wondered where, and how, Mr. Levy could have come to think up such extraordinary nonsense. If that's what all-night sittings at Westminster lead to, then dramatist-M.P.s should be excused attendance after 7.30 p.m.

Myself not a great enthusiast for Jane Austen's novels, and considering them, moreover, peculiarly ill-fitted for adaptation to the stage, the cinema, broadcasting, television or indeed any form of interpretation outside the inward theatre of the reader's mind, I had not great hopes of Miss Jonquil Antony's manipulation of "SENSE AND SENSIBILITY," now on view at the Embassy, Swiss Cottage. I found myself evidently in a minority of one. The loyalty of the Janeites never flinched; as the play trundled into its fourth hour, their enthusiasm (and that of the actors, I must admit) was, if anything, enhanced and redoubled. Miss Marie Löhr and her companions did nobly; and I seemed to be quite alone in thinking the action of the play trivial and unimportant when shorn of Miss Austen's commentary.

"*Soldier's Wife*" *(Duchess)*: JULIAN DALLAS *and* DIANA CHURCHILL *play John Rogers, just returned from Burma, and his wife, Katharine, in Rose Franken's new comedy presented by Peter Dearing.*

There is nothing trivial or unimportant about Dr. Robert Collis' "MARROW - BONE LANE," which held, for one week only, the stage of the Granville Theatre, Walham Green. Fortunately this fine play, which is acted in a manner to take the hair off one's head, will be visible for some time to come in the course of its provincial tour. Miss Shelagh Richards and the other Irish Players settled into this rich, dense drama of the Dublin slums as if their lives depended on it; and the writing of the play, with its courageous handling of cruelty, cowardice and unmentionable mental hurts, was wonderfully firm and strong. We could have done with this play, and these actors, in the middle of London.

During this momentary lull in the theatre, while Mr. Olivier is putting the last whiskers on his Lear, and Massine and Baronova are preparing "A Bullet in the Ballet," and at Covent Garden our Italian guests are about to ring up the curtain on Violetta's salon, I should like to praise that quiet masterpiece of acting, Mr. Frank Cellier's performance in "THE WINSLOW BOY." This is Mr. Rattigan's best play, flawed only by small vulgarities of emphasis; Mr. Cellier and Miss Angela Baddeley convey with very great skill the subsidiary stresses and dramas which underlie the headline story. And one will remember Mr. Emlyn Williams' K.C., with the words coming from the back of an infinitely capacious, infinitely active little lawyer's mind.

In welcoming the San Carlo Opera Company at Covent Garden, we should not forget two other operas of the highest order—Benjamin Britten's "Rape of Lucretia," at Sadler's Wells till the 21st, and "Don Pasquale," at the Cambridge.

"*International Ballet*" *arranged to open a four weeks' season at the London Coliseum on September 3.* THE MASQUE OF COMUS *was chosen for the première, and will be given again on September 5 and 7. Here is the Beast-headed rout in full cry. Mona Inglesby, Algeranoff and Jack Spurgeon are the leading dancers.*

PLAYS YOU MUST SEE: "THE FIRST GENTLEMAN" (Savoy). "UNDER THE COUNTER" (Phœnix). "SWEETEST AND LOWEST" (Ambassadors). "BIG BEN" (Adelphi).

PLAYS WELL WORTH SEEING: "HIGH TIME" (Palladium). "LADY WINDERMERE'S FAN" (Haymarket). "PERCHANCE TO DREAM" (Hippodrome). "THE SHOP AT SLY CORNER" (St. Martin's). "IS YOUR HONEYMOON REALLY NECESSARY?" (Duke of York's). "FOLLOW THE GIRLS" (His Majesty's). "WORM'S EYE VIEW" (Whitehall). "THE GUINEA-PIG" (Criterion). "SONG OF NORWAY" (Palace). "FIFTY-FIFTY" (Strand). "BETTER LATE" (Garrick). "HERE COME THE BOYS" (Saville). "NO ROOM AT THE INN" (Winter Garden). "GANG SHOW" (Stoll). "THE WINSLOW BOY" (Lyric). "GRAND NATIONAL NIGHT" (Apollo). "CRIME AND PUNISHMENT" (New). "PICK-UP GIRL" (Prince of Wales). "DEAR MURDERER" (Aldwych). "GAY ROSALINDA" (Princes). "THE POLTERGEIST" (Vaudeville). "SWEETHEART MINE" (Victoria Palace). "THE OTHER SIDE" (Comedy). "CLUTTERBUCK" (Wyndham's).

While every endeavour is made to keep this list up to date, we cannot hold ourselves responsible for any errors which may occur.

CINEMA CAMEOS.

By C. A. LEJEUNE.

THE fabulous Orson Welles, who hasn't directed a picture since "The Magnificent Ambersons," although he has appeared in three, sends us a masterly bit of macabre to help us through the silly season. It is called "THE STRANGER" (Gaumont and Marble Arch Pavilion), and anyone who doesn't revel in this spine-chilling little item must be singularly hard to please. Mr. Welles plays the leading rôle in "The Stranger," as well as directing it. He broods over the film like a gigantic figure of evil, soft-footed, soft-voiced, with monstrous inescapable close-ups, in which the bland mask is only lifted for an occasional horrifying second. Nor has he spared the final touch, of a death both lurid and spectacular, a slow death from multiple injuries, as though the devil were reluctant to take his own.

"The Stranger" is a straightforward man-hunt. There is no mystery about it. The audience is in the secret from the beginning. The most ingenious and sadistic war criminal in Nazi Germany has slipped out of the hands of the Allies, and settled down as a teacher of history in a sleepy little town in America. The Allied authorities, uncertain of his whereabouts, secretly release another war criminal to lead them to him. A detective follows this second man, and arrives in the little town just in time to find his murdered body. Only one person can provide the evidence that will establish the teacher's identity, and that is his young wife, who loves him and believes in him. The rest of the film follows the detective's efforts to hunt him down before he can murder his wife as well.

"The Stranger" fairly crackles with suspense, from start to finish. Every shot goes home, every line makes its point, every situation in the chain of circumstances seems cogent, convincing and inevitable. Mr. Welles has a colleague on the grand scale in Edward G. Robinson, who plays the detective, and Loretta Young has just the right touch of practised naïvety for the hapless wife.

"*Monsieur Beaucaire*" *(Plaza)*: BOB HOPE, *surprisingly enough, can be seen as the masquerading barber at the Court of Louis XV in the new film version of the Booth Tarkington novel in which Rudolph Valentino starred in 1924. Here he is with* JOAN CAULFIELD *as Mimi, the ambitious chambermaid.*

"THE SEARCHING WIND" (Carlton) is a very angry, very honest, and (let me whisper it) rather trite sermon on appeasement, isolation and the responsibilities of democracy, by Lillian Hellman, who wrote "The Watch on the Rhine." In so far as its admirable intention is to encourage the American moviegoer to think, I cannot but applaud it; as a piece of work for export, it seems to me a monstrous bore.

Most of the film is taken up with a recapitulation of the events in Western Europe which led up to the late war. They are seen through the eyes of an American diplomat (Robert Young), who is posted from embassy to embassy

"*Claudia and David*" *(Odeon Theatre, Leicester Square)*: DOROTHY McGUIRE *and* ROBERT YOUNG *play the title-rôles in this domestic comedy which presents the tiffs and jealousies of a young married pair, whose partnership just escapes shipwreck.*

in the years between the Versailles Treaty and the Munich Agreement. A weak, good-hearted, ineffectual fellow, he thinks, as a diplomat in his position might easily do, that it is his duty to observe. But the lady of his choice (Sylvia Sidney), a high-mettled journalist with strong Left Wing principles, thinks it is her duty to interfere. She sees right through the Fascists, beginning with Mussolini, in 1922, and keeps on urging her lover to make "a strong plea" to Washington about this and that. When he refuses, on what may seem to some of us perfectly reasonable grounds, she turns him down as a husband, and he engages in a loveless marriage with Emily (Ann Richards), leader of Washington's most reactionary set. Although the marriage lasts for twenty years, and seems likely, indeed, to go on for ever, the journalist keeps constantly intruding on the diplomat's emotions and career. She meets and nags at him in Rome, when Mussolini is marching into the capital; in Berlin, when Hitler is beginning to harangue the crowds; in Madrid, when Fascist bombs are falling on the city; in Paris, when Chamberlain is flying to Berchtesgaden with his umbrella; in London (though they spare us that encounter); and back in Washington, as the radio gives out the news of the Duce's fall. To judge from Miss Sidney's compressed lips and furrowed brow, and Mr. Young's air of woolly perplexity, there is no joy in any of these meetings, but for all that, he is still prepared to divorce his wife and marry her, until she points out, quite rightly though rather belatedly, that they would never get on.

My own feeling is that nobody could possibly get on with any of these people, because they simply are not people. I cannot recall one stroke or touch in "The Searching Wind" which shows the characters as human or genuine. Miss Richards is always wrong, Miss Sidney is always right, and after a time the inevitability of their judgments becomes screamingly monotonous. The only bits of really convincing behaviour in the film come from Dudley Digges, as a retired newspaper-owner, and Albert Basserman, as a German politician of the Hindenburg school.

Another intensely well-meaning film that has not quite come off is the British "PICCADILLY INCIDENT" (Empire). The story, which was suggested to director Herbert Wilcox by a chance conversation that he overheard in the black-out, bears a certain resemblance to "A Bill of Divorcement." It is concerned with a problem that has unhappily arisen several times in the late war—the legal position of a child whose parents have married in the mistaken belief that the husband's first wife is dead.

Anna Neagle plays a Wren whose ship is torpedoed after the fall of Singapore. She and a few survivors land on a remote Pacific island, but are officially presumed dead. After a long time they manage to make their way back to England, where the Wren finds that her husband (Michael Wilding) has married again, in all good faith, and is the father of a son. We are asked not to reveal the "actual dénouement" of the story, but anyone who is familiar with Mr. Wilcox's tidy passion for bringing his films round in a full circle, should be able to anticipate the end from the beginning.

I am all for people who make films out of genuine human problems, instead of trashy novelettes about Girl Chases Boy, or How the Ape-Man Choked the Mad Professor. But I find myself worrying too much about the details of "Piccadilly Incident" to give the theme the full meed of respect it demanded. I couldn't help feeling, for instance, that the enforced sojourn of several vigorous young men and two attractive maidens on a desert island might, in real life, have worked out *ra-ather* differently. I rather thought, too, that the Admiralty would have found some way of informing a repatriated Wren that her husband had married again, and of notifying the husband that his wife was alive. If these little things don't bother you, you will find "Piccadilly Incident" a responsible and reasonably interesting picture.

"*Piccadilly Incident*" *(Empire), the new Herbert Wilcox production, stars* ANNA NEAGLE *and* MICHAEL WILDING *with a cast including Coral Browne, A. E. Matthews, and Edward Rigby. C. A. Lejeune reviews it on this page.*

MRS. R. C. SHARPLES *motor-cycles daily into Ambassadors Court, St. James's, to collect the mail for her step-father, Lord Claud Hamilton, who has moved from home pending restorations to his house.*

MISS AUDREY WILLS, *youngest daughter of the late Mr. Noel Hamilton Wills, and of Mrs. Huntley Sinclair, is engaged to Captain Peter Gibbs, Scots Guards.*

MRS. R. A. PILKINGTON *is the wife of Captain Richard Pilkington, M.C., Civil Lord of the Admiralty, 1942-5. She is the daughter of Mr. F. Russell-Roberts.*

MR. WILLIAM GEOFFREY ROOTES, *elder son of Sir William and Lady Rootes, married* MRS. MARIAN SLATER, *daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. H. R. Hayter, at St. George's, Hanover Square. The attendants were* CHRISTA SLATER, FIONA PILE, COLIN SLATER *and* SIMON PHILLIPS.

H.R.H. *the* DUCHESS OF KENT *and her chil... found the "tilting the bucket" event a...* HERBERT, *lady-in-waiting t...*

The infant son of the HON. FIENNES *and* MRS. CORNWALLIS *was christened* FIENNES WYKEHAM JEREMY *at Linton Church, near Maidstone. Mr. Cornwallis is the son and heir of Lord Cornwallis. Mrs. Cornwallis is the only daughter of Lieut.-Col. G. Lacy Scott*

The marriage of LIEUT. CLAUD E. C. DICKENS, R.N., *son of Admiral Sir Gerald and Lady Dickens, to* MISS AUDREY PAMELA SIMMS, *daughter of Mr. Henry Simms, is fixed for September 7, at Downton*

THE CAMERA TAKES A QUICK LOOK ROUN

MISS ANNE V. G. HEYWOOD, *daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. Garnett Heywood, is engaged to Captain J. David W. Stobart, Grenadier Guards, eldest son of Lieut.-Colonel F. E. Stobart.*

H.M. KING FEISUL OF IRAQ *is taking* MISS NORA STONE-HEWER-BIRD, *daughter of the British Ambassador to Iraq, to inspect the goldfish in the lily pond at Grove Lodge, Bracknell, his temporary home in Berkshire.*

PRINCESS AL..XANDRA *and* PRINCE MICHAEL, *Ballater Gam.. highly diverting.* LADY MARY *Duchess, is ..earest the camera.*

The engagement of MR. A. N. PETER WOODARD, *twin son of Canon and Mrs. Woodard, 6, Luard Road, Cambridge, to* MISS LUCY ELIZABETH ANNE PRICE, *daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Price, the Close, Newport-Pagnell, has been announced.*

The marriage of the HON. MAX AITKEN, *M.P. for Holborn, elder son of Lord Beaverbrook, to* MRS. JANE LINDSAY, *younger daughter of Mr. R. O. R. Kenyon-Slaney and of Lady Mary Gilmour, took place in the Presbyterian Church, George Street, Marylebone.*

GROUP CAPTAIN E. M. DONALDSON, D.S.O., A.F.C., *commander of the R.A.F. High Speed Flight which has been all tee-ed up at Tangmere in readiness for the attempt on the world speed record flight, was snapped with* MRS. DONALDSON *and* BABY DONALD.

PERSONALITIES AND SOCIAL EVENTS OF THE WEEK.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

THESE GIRL ATHLETES OF THE GEORGIAN REPUBLIC—*for being sporting and dynamic in such flowing voluminous robes.*

MISS RUTH LENFESTEY—*for being "Miss Michigan 1946," daughter of "Miss Michigan 1919."*

MISS J. QUERTIER—*for collecting three championship titles in a day.*

GIRL ATHLETES OF THE GEORGIAN REPUBLIC, modestly and gracefully clad in long robes with decorative collars and girdles, marched in the All-Union Sport Parade at the Dynamo Stadium, Moscow, consisting of contingents from all States of the whole Soviet Union.

MISS RUTH LENFESTEY of New Baltimore was chosen as "Miss Michigan, 1946" to represent the State in the forthcoming contest for the title of "Miss America" at Atlantic City, N.J. Ruth's mother won the title of "Miss Michigan" in 1919 when she was a girl.

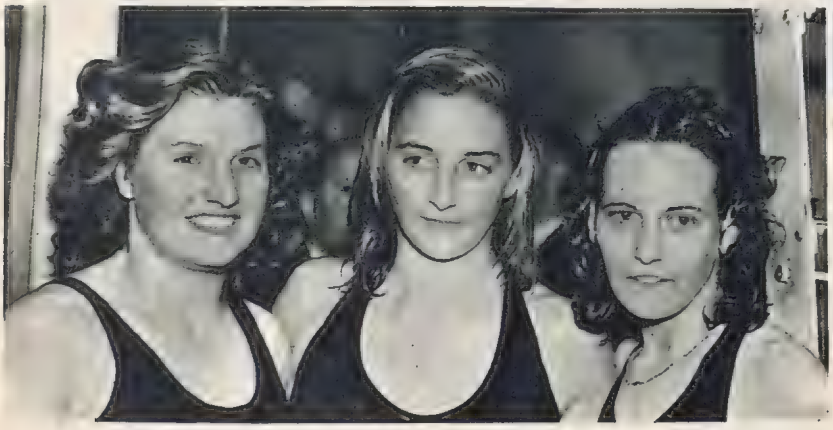
MISS J. QUERTIER, twenty-year-old Kent girl, gained three North of England lawn-tennis championship titles at Scarborough on August 24—the Women's Singles, the Women's Doubles (with Miss J. Gannon) and the Mixed Doubles (with R. E. Carter).

MR. CYRIL FRANCIS JAMES HANKINSON—*for having known everything about everybody "worth knowing" for twenty-five years.*

MR. CYRIL FRANCIS JAMES HANKINSON, Editor of "Debrett's Peerage," celebrates his Silver Jubilee in the post on September 5. He is a leading authority on Heraldic, Genealogical and Peerage matters, and knows exactly who 's who and what 's what.

The MISSES JANE LYNCH, MORNA HOWARD, GRACE WOODS, MARGARET ALLWORTHY, VALERIE COX, *and* GEORGIE CLIFFORD—*for being Britain's answer to six Sam Goldwyn Girls.*

SIX British Mannequins, the MISSES JANE LYNCH, MORNA HOWARD, GRACE WOODS, MARGARET ALLWORTHY, VALERIE COX and GEORGIE CLIFFORD, are travelling to the U.S.A. to exhibit our fashions there. It is a reciprocal mission, as Six Sam Goldwyn Girls are coming to London to show off Hollywood fashions.



The MISSES F. NATHANSEN, H. TERMEULEN *and* NANCY RIACH—*for being the under-water jet-propulsion girls of Europe.*

EUROPE'S three fastest women swimmers met in the 100-yards race at the Inter-Allied Gala at Marshal Street Baths, London. MISS FRITZ NATHANSEN (Denmark), holder of the world 100-yards free-style swimming record, was narrowly beaten by MISS HANNIE TERMEULEN (Holland), with MISS NANCY RIACH (Motherwell), British Champion and native record-holder, third.

THE HON. VICTORIA SACKVILLE-WEST AT SISSINGHURST.

The HON. VICTORIA SACKVILLE-WEST, *poet and author, is seen standing at the garden entrance of her home, Sissinghurst Castle, Kent. Daughter of the third Baron Sackville of Knole, in 1913 she married the Hon. Harold Nicolson, author and critic, formerly in the Diplomatic, later M.P., who is now making weekly broadcasts from Paris on the Peace Conference. Among Miss Sackville-West's brilliant writings some of the best-known are "Knole and the Sackvilles," "The Edwardians," and "Pepita." Her long poem "The Land" won the Hawthornden Prize. This year she has published "The Garden." Sissinghurst Castle, of which only a small part remains, was built shortly before 1550; was bought in 1930 by the present owner, a direct descendant of the original builder Sir John Baker.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY BERTRAM PARK.

PRINCESS ELIZABETH *and* PRINCESS MARGARET *are very fond of "Y Bwthyn Bach," the little Welsh House presented to Princess Elizabeth on her sixth birthday in 1932. They often entertain their young cousins there.*

T.M. *the* KING *and* QUEEN, PRINCESS EL[...] *border in the garden of Royal Lodge, Winds*[...] *is called Ching*[...]

The PRINCESSES *posed in the rock-garden at Royal Lodge, Windsor. Their Majesties are very fond of this royal residence, and take a specially keen interest in the garden there.*

HER MAJESTY *and the* PRINCESSES [...] *Princess Elizabeth is her own pet, the* [...]

ROYAL LODGE, Windsor, was th[...] and Queen when they were Du[...] fond of this royal residence. It is [...] retreat and go there as frequently [...] permit. The little Welsh house whi[...] child stands in the Princesses' own [...] apple-pie order and [...]

PHOTOGR[...]

THE ROYAL FAMILY IN ONE OF THEIR FAVOURITE RETREATS

N.B. A Coloured [...]

and PRINCESS MARGARET by the herbaceous
Tibetan lion-dog or Shitsu in the photograph
e son of Chu-Chu.

The PRINCESSES go in for budgerigars and have been successful breeders of these charming little birds. The KING and QUEEN are carrying out an inspection of the present budgerigar population at Royal Lodge.

of the lawns. The dog sitting close to
orgi Susan, which is now three years old.

try home of their Majesties the King
Duchess of York, and they are extremely
London that they use it as a week-end
official engagements and State duties
presented to Princess Elizabeth when a
f the gardens and is always kept in
y visited by its owners.

STUDIO LISA.

The PRINCESSES are keen and expert swimmers and much enjoy bathing in the swimming-pool at Royal Lodge. They are at present with their Majesties at Balmoral.

HEIR MAJESTIES AND THE PRINCESSES AT ROYAL LODGE.

inserted in this issue.

MRS. SANSOM, G.C., O.B.E., *is now secure and happy in her Hampshire home with her daughters, but she endured torture from the Gestapo and refused to divulge any information in spite of terrible suffering.*

MRS. ODETTE MARIE CELINA SANSOM *has won the George Cross for unparalleled heroism. Here she appears to be just a simple, graceful young mother, with her daughters* MARIANNE, LILY *and* FRANÇOISE.

Happy family group of MRS. SANSOM *and her daughters* MARIANNE, LILY *and* FRANÇOISE. *They were sent to boarding-schools in 1942 when she volunteered to enter occupied France as a British agent.*

THE name of ODETTE MARIE CELINA SANSOM, thirty-four-year-old French-born British woman, will live for ever in the roll of great patriots. She joined the F.A.N.Y., landed in France in 1942 and did brilliant work until her capture in April 1943. She drew enemy attention away from her commanding officer, Captain Peter Morland Churchill, pretended that he was her husband and had come to France with her. Though tortured by the Gestapo, she never divulged any information. Starved and kept in darkness and in a cage she never gave way and it was through her remarkable personality that she succeeded in escaping from Ravensbruck just before D-Day. She was awarded the O.B.E. last October and now receives the G.C.

ONE OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST HEROINES: MRS. SANSOM, G.C., O.B.E.

The fourth day, Wednesday, September 20 : MAJOR GOUGH *hears the grave news that the Germans are about to attack with large numbers of infantry.*

The fifth day, Thursday, September 21 : MAJOR WILSON, *in command of a group of houses in the Hartastein perimeter, consults with a medical orderly.*

PRIVATE HOLT, *a man of Arnhem who re-enacted the epic battle as a memorial to his comrades who fell in the fighting.*

SERGEANT BATEMAN, *one of those " dirty, grimy, wonderful gentlemen who dropped from the clouds to fight where they stood."*

LT. TRAHERNE, *Staff Officer on duty at Div. H.Q. during the " glorious and fruitful operation . . . " that " . . . will take a lasting place in our military annals."*

PRIVATE DIXON, *one of the original men of Arnhem as he appears in the record of that daring operation which has been made for the films.*

Exhausted after a week of incessant fighting : MAJOR STARK *and one of the men who took part in the terrible battle of Arnhem of September 1944.*

The eighth day, Sunday, September 24 : PRIVATE HOLT *(l.) tells a comrade how he escaped from the Germans when they captured the chief dressing station while his wounds were being treated.*

IN September 1944 the First British Airborne Division made their heroic stand at Arnhem, and suffered terrible losses. One year later survivors of the operation returned to the battlefield and re-enacted the struggle so that a record might be kept for all time, as a tribute and memorial. The resulting film, "THEIRS IS THE GLORY," is having a simultaneous *première* in London at the Gaumont, Haymarket, Arnhem and Ottawa on Sept. 17. The London *première* is in aid of the Airborne Forces Security Fund.

"THEIRS IS THE GLORY": ARNHEM EPIC BY ARNHEM SURVIVORS.

"SLY CORNER" STAR IN HER OWN RURAL CORNER.

MISS JEAN COLIN, *who is now doing some straight acting as Margaret Heiss in "The Shop at Sly Corner," the successful thriller at the St. Martin's Theatre, lives in a delightful seventeenth-century cottage set amid rural surroundings, and with a fascinating and well-stocked garden in which she likes to work. It's not too old-fashioned a dwelling, however, as the cosy cocktail bar shows! Miss Colin says that she anticipates going back into a musical show quite soon. She was, by the way, the only principal boy to play in panto during the London "blitz" as she was in the London Coliseum "Aladdin," and she also took part in the only Gilbert and Sullivan production to be filmed—"The Mikado."*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SWAEBE.

BACK TO "THE SKIN OF OUR TEETH."

MISS VIVIEN LEIGH—*in private life Mrs. Laurence Olivier—is due to make a welcome return to the London stage in a revival of Thornton Wilder's play, "The Skin of Our Teeth," on September 11 at the Piccadilly Theatre. This piece had a big success when it was produced in 1945 at the Phœnix, but was withdrawn on account of Miss Leigh's illness. The present production is only to have a limited run in London after a couple of weeks in the provinces, which began at Leeds on August 26. Miss Leigh is due to go to Hollywood with her husband just before Christmas on a film-making expedition.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY VIVIENNE.

ERWIN FABER *as the Devil.*

FRIEDA RICHARD *and* EWALD BALSER *as the Mother and Everyman.*

GRETE ZIMMER *as the Courtesan.*

"EVERYMAN" RETURNS TO SALZBURG.

THE SALZBURG FESTIVAL reopened with a performance of Mozart's "Don Giovanni" at which the Chancellor, the Foreign Minister, and General Mark Clark, C.-in-C., American Forces in Austria, were present, and the occasion was made even more important by the fact that General Clark received the Freedom of Salzburg in recognition of his help to Austria. Hugo von Hoffmannsthal's famous version of the English morality play "Everyman," always an integral part of the Festival, was also given, on the steps of the Cathedral, as Max Reinhardt originally produced it. Frieda Richard, now seventy-three years old, has played the Mother since the Festival was instituted and appeared in her original rôle, and Hélène Thimig-Reinhardt, widow of Max Reinhardt, was Faith. Grete Zimmer, a very young actress, had a success as the Courtesan and Ewald Balser, formerly a member of the Vienna Burgtheater, took the part of Everyman. Many American officers and their wives attended the Festival.

AUGUST SCHMÖLE *as Mammon.*

"EVERYMAN" *on the steps of Salzburg Cathedral, with the famous Fortress in the background.*

FROM GLYNDEBOURNE TO SADLER'S WELLS: "THE RAPE OF LUCRETIA."

"Whenever we are made to part": *Bianca* (ANNA POLIAK), *Lucretia* (KATHLEEN FERRIER) *and Lucia* (MARGARET RITCHIE).

"Oh, if it were he came home again!" *Lucia* (LESLEY DUFF), *Lucretia* (NANCY EVANS) *and Bianca* (CATHERINE LAWSON).

"Even great love's too frail": *Lucretia* (NANCY EVANS), *Collatinus* (OWEN BRANNIGAN), *Bianca* (ANNA POLIAK), *Lucia* (LESLEY DUFF), *Junius* (FREDERICK SHARP).

"Poised like a dart": *Lucretia* (KATHLEEN FERRIER) *at the mercy of Tarquinius* (FRANK ROGIER). AKSEL SCHIOTZ *and* FLORA NIELSEN *as Male and Female Chorus.*

BENJAMIN BRITTEN'S new opera, "THE RAPE OF LUCRETIA," was produced at Glyndebourne in July and has now come to Sadler's Wells where its first night was fixed for August 28. Two separate companies of artists sing the opera on alternate nights to avoid undue strain. Thus Kathleen Ferrier and Nancy Evans alternate as Lucretia, Aksel Schiotz and Flora Nielsen and Peter Pears and Joan Cross are the Male and Female Chorus in turn, and so forth. The libretto is by Ronald Duncan, based on André Obey's admirable play "Le Viol de Lucrèce," and the striking scenery is a good example of John Piper's work. The opera had an extremely enthusiastic reception at Glyndebourne, and is a worthy successor to Britten's "Peter Grimes." Immediately after its London season it will go to Oxford for a week and thence to Holland.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANGUS MCBEAN.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

MISS G. B. STERN is a novelist who is not content to show the surface; she looks below and is at pains to discover what it is that makes human beings unable to get on with each other, what are the root causes of the antagonisms that, beginning as little tiffs, sometimes end in world wars. Her readers will remember in this connection that brilliant and disturbing novel "The Augs," in which the resident inhabitants of a seaside town take such a violent dislike to the August visitors that bloodshed almost results.

A variation of this idea underlies "The Reasonable Shores," for two families are contrasted, the Blakes and the Morgans, one divided against itself, the other united by fierce tribal feeling. Jessamy Blake, a schoolgirl when the story opens, has an unqualified hero-worship for the Morgans. Alas, like most of her enthusiasms, it suffers shipwreck, and the Morgan solidarity, so unlike the state of things at her own home, provokes her to a violent outburst of criticism when Ronni Morgan throws over Jessamy's brother, Harry Blake. Blinded by loyalty, the Morgans could not, she felt, tell the difference between right and wrong.

The Way of Self-Sacrifice.

But the Morgans are only an episode, a milestone, in Jessamy's career of suffering. Enamoured of self-sacrifice, she leaves school in order to do the housekeeping at Corderoys. Her mother had run away from home with another man; her father, kept out of the last war by the kick of a mule and unable to take part in this, found compensation in outbursts of bad temper and abuse of the war and all its works; her Uncle Lionel had established himself, bringing in his train a refugee Austrian Baroness and her daughter—a sophisticated couple, far too tactful to take any housework off Jessamy's hands. Uncle Lionel, well known in the world of high-class journalism for his "vignettes," his "Dresden Figures" column, is Jessamy's foil; she sees through him, but contending with his astute middle-aged selfishness she is always worsted. She had given up everything: her happy life at school with (what she minded most) the prospect of appearing as Ariel in the pastoral play; and the only thing she kept was her beloved portable wireless set, given her by Harry before he ran away to join up. Her father hated the wireless set because it reminded him of the war; her Uncle Lionel because it disturbed the peace of the Pear Room; but Jessamy held on to it until it too went the way of self-sacrifice.

Miss Stern gives us so much to think about that the central idea is not easily disentangled. Jessamy is a scapegoat for the sins and errors of the Blakes; for her mother's flightiness, her father's pathological bad temper, her uncle's selfishness, her elder brother's disappointment over the Morgan girl, her younger brother's plausible belief that to take money from a bank was not theft: for all of these it is Jessamy who pays. And she gets no credit; her feats of self-sacrifice go unrecognised, or if, subconsciously, they are recognised, they merely cause irritation. She would have made a good Ariel, perhaps. I do not feel certain of that: surely her passion for the most popular numbers on the wireless is out of keeping with a sprite?

The Moral.

She was wrong, Miss Stern infers, to imagine that by self-sacrifice she could lay up for herself a treasury of merits. Happiness is not won that way; virtue is its own reward. The moral seems to be that we must take human beings as we find them, and not seek to impose our ideals on them, or use them as stepping-stones for our moral aspirations. Jessamy's idealism, Miss Stern almost suggests, was an aspect of adolescence, a youthful foible not quite devoid of priggishness or of spiritual pride; and a humanistic outlook, a belief that man can and need be no better than his instincts, is the right one. Yet I do not believe that Miss Stern is preaching this rather dismal doctrine which, if followed, would hardly allow us to disapprove of a concentration camp; she has a most delicate sense of moral values, and we must remember that the Blakes became united under Jessamy's clumsy administration, and prospered exceedingly and beyond probability—though she did not.

I have said nothing about the characterisation of this brilliant and stimulating novel. Jessamy's father is a little unconvincing, perhaps, but the others are more than adequate, and Uncle Lionel is unforgettable.

The War in the East End.

Obsessed by the horror of the war and indifferent to its glories, Miss Pamela Kellino depicts its opening phases through the eyes of an East End slum child. Davie Dillon is fourteen; his father is at the war and he lives with his mother and his sister Poll at very close quarters. An attempt to evacuate the two children to the country fails catastrophically, and they return home—a happy release both to them and to their tormented hosts. Soon after, Davie finds the crack in the wall which enables him to spy on the occupants of the next bedroom. A woman and her dying baby are presently succeeded as tenants by the glamorous Mrs. Brand and her husband; and Mrs. Brand stays on after her husband has gone abroad. Few details of their brief married life together escape Davie's eager ear and eye. He seems to know all about love-making and is rather bored by it; but Mrs. Brand captures his imagination and combines for him the allure of every film-star (he is a passionate film-goer). Unjustly sacked from the hotel where he works, he has leisure to try to cultivate the acquaintance of Mrs. Brand; she impatiently tolerates his anxious attentions and twice takes his hand. But her heart is now given to Mr. Alan, the greengrocer; and racked by jealousy, Davie watches through the crack in the wall the progress of their romance. The blitz begins, making everything more lurid.

Who Cares?

Miss Kellino is determined to spare us nothing. Realising this, we find "Ignoramus, Ignoramus" a little less painful than she means it to be; but it is painful enough. The climax oversteps the bounds of melodramatic horror, leaving us stunned by emotional bludgeoning and unable to get the appropriate shudder from Davie's theft and his cynical justification of it.

For those who can stand it, the book is only too easy to read. It is suffused with pity, which sometimes comes perilously near to sentimentality; and it is alive with Davie's conscious and unconscious humour (he tells the story in his own words). The plot is a trifle machine-made, and it strains probability that two men posted as missing should prove not to be. What is most valuable in the book is its insight into Davie's way of looking at things, and into the strong moral and æsthetic conventions which he shares with the grown-ups round him. Again and again Miss Kellino gives us vivid glimpses of a civilisation of which nine-tenths of novelists and novel-readers know nothing.

JAYASHREE, *India's leading film-star, is well suited by the graceful folds of her embroidered sari. She posed for this portrait at her London hotel. She and her husband Mr. V. Shantaram have just completed a new film, "Song of Buddha," in which they star together. It has English dialogue and they hope to have it shown here and in the U.S.A. At present they are on holiday in London,* en route *for America.*

Love and Gambling.

"To-morrow's Another Day" is a story of love, jealousy, racing, gambling and intrigue in Lake City, U.S.A. The hero, Lonnie, ex-bellboy of the Erie Hotel, makes his living by gambling, and his three dependants, Ray, Pinky and Willy, anxiously aid and abet him and share his fluctuating fortunes. The change comes when he wins a friend's restaurant at poker and almost simultaneously falls in love with Mary Donnell, *alias* Maureen O'Donnell, a beautiful but haughty mannequin, beloved by "The Greek," a very unsavoury (though perfumed) member of Lonnie's gambling set. Once married, Lonnie gives up gambling and devotes himself to the financial side of the restaurant, whose previous owner he has installed as manager; but the proceeds are not enough to keep Mary in the state that Lonnie considers her due. His attempt to recoup himself by one more gambling throw gives the book its climax. Mr. Burnett belongs to the tough, streamlined school of American novelists and, like them, tends to be cynical and sentimental. But he does not overdo this attitude; he is sparing with physical violence, and the terse, laconic, understatement that he employs, especially in moments of danger or emotion, never becomes a trick. The censorious may feel that Mr. Burnett is wasting his very considerable talents on a rather worthless set of people; but given these deliberate limitations of his human material, his book is one which will recommend itself by its lightness, its elegance, its finish, and, in some of the love-scenes, by a remarkable insight into delicate shades of feeling.

Soldier from the War Returning.

The problems of adjustment that confront the soldier returning home after a long absence are often complex and sometimes tragic. To few can have come the perfect experience of finding every essential thread ready and waiting to be picked up again. But few, on the other hand, can have such a homecoming as Major Michael Amory, who returned from Crete to find himself listed as killed, his wife married to his friend, and his daughter calling another man "Father." Such a situation could easily have degenerated into melodrama, but Mr. Adams keeps it on a level of restraint and under-emphasis which makes it touching. The dignified behaviour of husband, wife and friend manages to escape the sanctimonious, though sometimes by only a narrow margin.

"Welcome Home" has some analogies with "Enoch Arden," and it is a pity that with such a model before him, Mr. Adams should have followed Tennyson into a sad error of taste on the very last page.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

The Reasonable Shores. By G. B. Stern. (*Cassell; 8s. 6d.*)
Ignoramus, Ignoramus. By Pamela Kellino. Illustrated by James Mason. (*Robert Hale; 8s. 6d.*)
Tomorrow's Another Day. By W. R. Burnett. (*Heinemann; 8s. 6d.*)
Welcome Home. By Herbert Adams. (*Macdonald; 8s. 6d.*)

Pin-up Girl: No. 60: Vera Zorina

Ballerina and actress VERA ZORINA *terminated a three years' absence from the films by returning to co-star with George Brent and Lucille Ball in Universal's "Lover Come Back," directed by William Seiter. Zorina has a straight dramatic rôle without any kind of dancing in this Michael Fessier-Ernest Pagano produced picture.*

BLUE TRIANGLE.*

By WINIFRED DUKE.

OF course, I never liked him from the very first minute I clapped eyes on him. Mother says it 's prejudice, but I say it 's instinct. I 'm like that about people—always have been. When Daph (that 's my sister) was at school with Edna Cohen I never could bear her, and when she turned out a real mean sort and sneaked Daph's boy away from her it showed I was right. Ted says it 's a good thing I didn't feel that way about him or we 'd never have got engaged.

Mother started taking boarders after Dad died, and Mr. and Mrs. Sparfforth were two of the first. He was in insurance or something, and even if she never said so I spotted she must be a good bit older than him. They had the front bedroom, and when I was invalided out of the A.T.S. because of being smashed up in a raid, I used to help Mother, and I got into the way of doing things for Mrs. Sparfforth.

There was nothing the matter with her that I could see, but she liked her breakfast in bed, and when he was off for the day I 'd take up her tray and she always made me stop and talk a bit. She wasn't pretty, but sort of stylish; a good perm, you know, and where she got the coupons for the nighties she was always wearing beat me. Mother said she must have money, and I own I was surprised when she let slip once that she had, but Mr. Sparfforth managed it all for her. "Women don't understand business, Ireen," she used to tell me, and she said it again the time she admitted she 'd just insured her life.

"I suppose it 's a good thing to do," I answered.

"Harry thought it was. Of course, he 'll get it all when—I mean if—I die."

"But you aren't going to die," I told her.

She said she hoped not, but you never knew, and it was best to be prepared for anything—at least, Harry thought so. I tell you I got a bit fed up with her quoting Harry—that was Mr. Sparfforth—morning, noon and night, as I couldn't see he was such a prize-packet; but after all, being married to him, I suppose she knew best. As I told you, I didn't like him, and he was pretty mean, always trying to beat Mother down about her charges and fighting like a tiger-cat over any extras. On the whole, neither of us was sorry when he said he 'd got a house and they 'd be leaving us next week.

I helped her to pack and she was very decent, giving me a jumper she pretended didn't suit her, and a pair of real silk stockings, and an enamel compact. Put it nicely, too, so 's I didn't feel under any obligation, telling me I 'd done a lot for her and she couldn't offer payment. At the last she put her arms round me and kissed me and hoped Ted and me 'd be happy, but marriage wasn't all jam. Just as she said that we heard her precious Harry shouting out that the taxi 'd come, and she turned a funny colour, sort of greyish-white, and asked me to lock the suit-case as stooping made her queer. Harry said it was her heart.

"Get along!" I said. "There 's nothing wrong with your heart."

"I don't know," she sort of whimpered.

I locked the case and gave her the key and she tied a triangle over her head that I 'd noticed, lying on the bed. It was one of those new plastic ones—you know the kind, waterproof, a deep blue, and I couldn't help thinking the shade 'd suit me a sight better than her. That was the last I saw of either of them, the bright blue on her head as the taxi turned the corner. I was a bit surprised, I must say, that she never wrote, or suggested Mother and me might go to tea and see the house; but I didn't worry as I 'd plenty to keep me busy, Ted coming home from India and wanting us to get married right away. I told him I didn't mind, only we 'd have to find somewhere to live first.

About three months from the time the Sparfforths had left us, Mother came in after being hours in a queue for oranges and said I 'd never guess who she 'd met. I suggested Sir Stafford Cripps or Mr. Churchill, but she said it wasn't either. She 'd met Mr. Sparfforth, and he told her his wife was dead.

"Gracious! What of?" I asked.

"Heart failure. They found her dead at the foot of some stairs, and the doctor 'd been treating her for heart trouble, so they didn't have an inquest, but it 's very sad. She was a nice woman."

"He got the money, I bet."

"I suppose he did. He said he was selling the house and going away, as he couldn't bear it without her. It might suit you and Ted, Ireen."

I said I didn't fancy it after Mrs. Sparfforth had died there in that funny way, and I 'd like to know more about her end, but Mother said it was just because I didn't like Mr. Sparfforth I said that. I told Ted, and he seemed to think as we 'd all got to die somewhere the house wouldn't be any the worse, and if it was advertised we might at least look at it.

Well, it was, and Ted got the key from the house-agent's and off we went. It turned out to be the last house in a funny little sort of cul-de-sac, a regular backwater, rather decayed and mouldy, but you know what the housing position 's like in these days, and Ted thought the outside didn't look too bad. I don't know what came over me, but as he opened the door and we stood there I felt so queer I wondered if I was going to faint.

"What 's up?" Ted asked.

"Nothing. Let 's go in, but I don't like it, Ted."

We went into a little hall, with stairs up to the next floor, and two rooms, quite nice, but I can tell you if Ted hadn't been there I 'd have turned tail and run out without ever going upstairs. The bathroom was half-way up, very shabby, and on the next landing there were three bedrooms and a box-room. Ted was poking about, trying to see what the view was like from one of the windows, and I was on the landing, when I saw Mrs. Sparfforth.

She was standing in the hall, looking up at me. I never got such a start in my life, knowing she was dead and buried, or perhaps he 'd had her cremated. Being the mean sort he might have done it because it was cheaper. She looked just like she used to, and she was wearing the blue triangle over her head. I said her name in a kind of whisper, but she didn't speak, only beckoned, and I went down the stairs, calling back to Ted that I wanted a look at the kitchen.

Mrs. Sparfforth must have heard because she led the way. There was a door I hadn't noticed right at the back of the hall, and she opened it and I came up and stood looking down the very darkest flight of stairs I 'd ever seen. Our kitchen stair was a gem compared to it. I couldn't have gone down it, not if you 'd given me the Crown jewels. There was a dreadful feeling about it, and I knew without being told what had happened there.

"Did he push you?" I asked her.

She nodded her head.

I couldn't think what to say or do. She was dead, murdered, and yet she stood there, and was trying to tell me how she 'd come by her end. I turned away for a minute, and when I looked round again she wasn't there any more. I heard Ted calling to me, and I went back and said I wouldn't take the house as a gift, and for heaven's sake to let us get out of it. Ted must have thought I was crazy, acting like that, but after we 'd had a cup of tea in the nearest café and were waiting for our bus, he admitted he didn't fancy the house either.

"It 'll be snapped up, though," he said. "When I was upstairs I saw a woman going over it. Must have been deaf or something, because I said was she thinking of buying it, but she didn't answer."

"What was she like?" I asked.

"Oh, I didn't notice. She had something blue over her head—the colour that suits you, Ireen."

Well, Mother would say it was because I never liked Mr. Sparfforth, only I say it was instinct. He murdered her right enough and got away with it, but I 'm sorry for anybody who buys that house. She 'll always be there, trying to tell people what happened to her, poor thing. I 've never worn that shade of blue since. Ted was quite cross because I didn't like the present his mother gave me to wear with my going-away costume. You see, it was a blue triangle.

THE END.

**All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary.*

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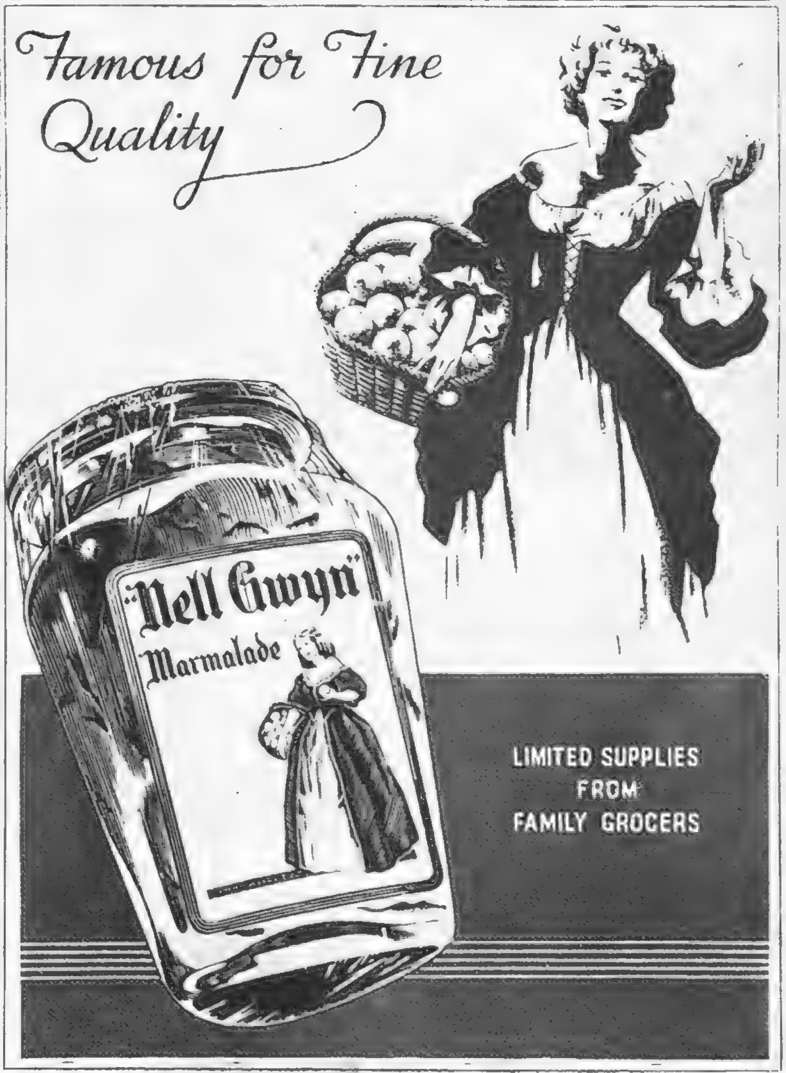

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Photographs by George Miles.

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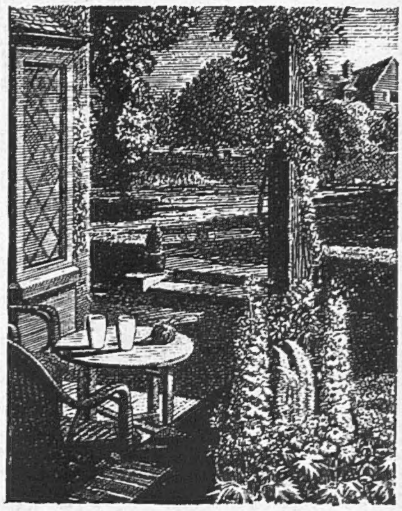

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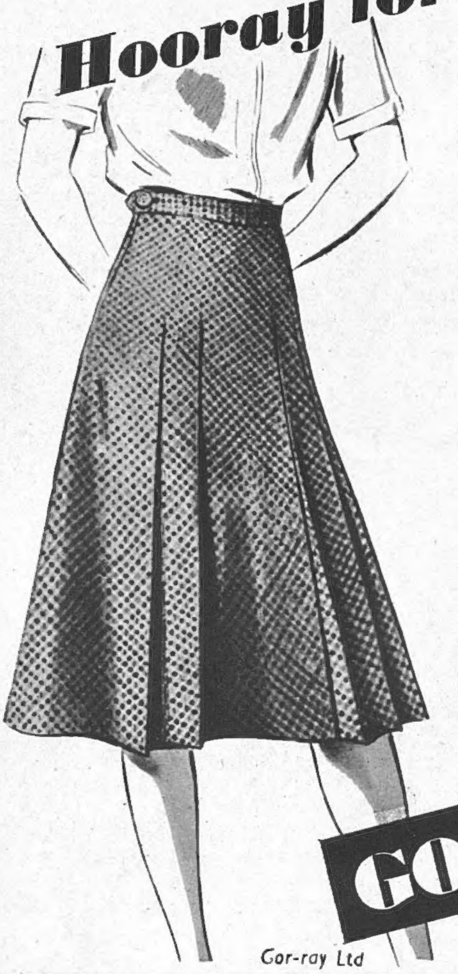

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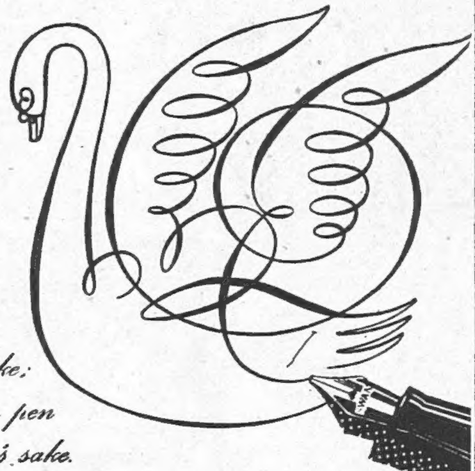

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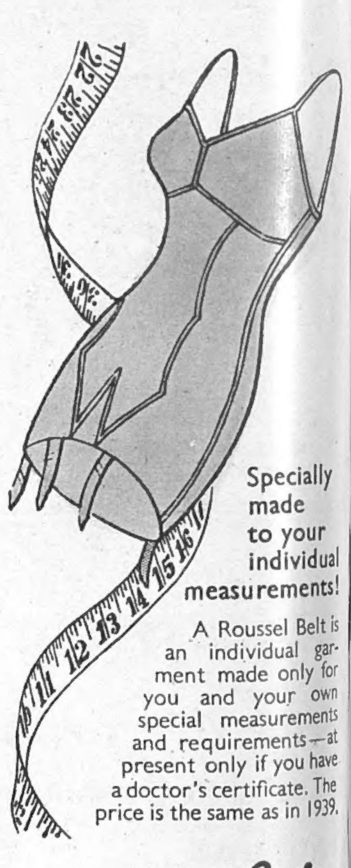

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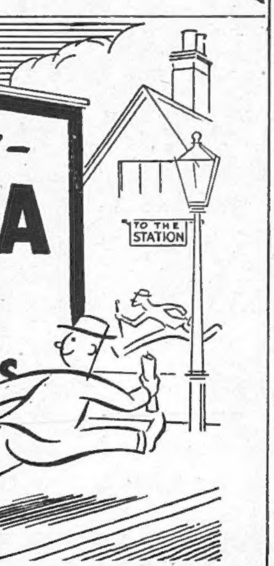

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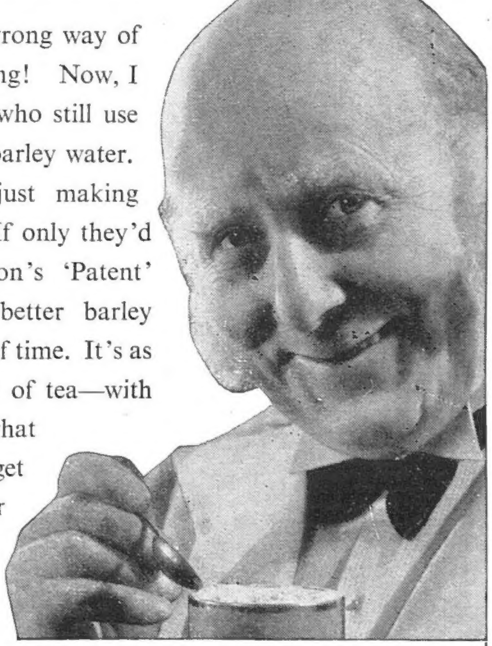
says OLD HETHERS



there's a right and a wrong way of doing every mortal thing! Now, I know a lot of people who still use pearl barley for their barley water. Believe me, they're just making work for themselves. If only they'd get a tin of Robinson's 'Patent' Barley they'd make better barley water and save no end of time. It's as easy to make as a pot of tea—with Robinson's. That's what I'm using till I can get Robinson's Barley Water in bottles again. And if I may say so, I should know . . .

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